A pleaſant new Song, betwixt *The Saylor and his Loue.* to the tune of Dulcina.

WHat doth aile my Loue, ſo ſadly
in ſuch heauy dumps to ſtand:
Doth ſhe grieue or take vnkindly,
that I am ſo neere at hand?
Or doth the vow,
She will not know,
Nor ſpeake to me when I doe come:
If that be ſo,
I'way Ile goe,
firſt kiſſe and bid me welcomehome.

Had I euer thee forſaken,
putting thee out of my minde,
Thou then mightſt haue iuſtly ſpoken
that I was to thee vnkind.
Or ſhould I take
Some other make,
Then mightſt thou haue iuſt cauſe to mourne
But let me die
Before that I,
doe ſo: then bid me welcome home.

Sooner ſhall the graſſe leaue growing,
from the hare the hound ſhall run,
Husbandmen ſhall leaue their ſowing,
flouds ſhall run the land vpon,
The fiſh ſhall flye.
The Sea run dry,
The birds no more ſhall ſing but mourne
Ere I of thee
Vnmindfull be,
then kiſſe and bid me welcome home.

Smile on me, be not offended,
pardon grant for my amiſſe:
Let thy fauour ſo be friend me,
as to ſeale it with a kiſſe:
To me, I ſweare,
Thou art ſo deare,
That for thy ſake Ile fancy none,
Then doe not frowne,
But ſit thee downe,
Sweet, kiſſe and bid me welcome home.

If thou haſt proued chaſt Diana,
ſince from thee I did depart.
I as conſtant haue beene to thee,
for on thee firſt was my heart:
No not for the
Iupiter ſir,
Dinae in her tower alone.
Should me intice,
No Ile be nice,
then kiſſe and bid me welcome home.

No nor Venus Cupids mother,
nor the fairеſt wife of Ioue,
Should Lucretia or ſome other,
ſeeke by gifts to win my loue,
Should Hellen faire,
To me repaire,
And vnto me for loue make mone,
Yet none of theſe
My minde ſhall pleaſe,
then kiſſe, and bid me welcome home

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The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

From thy ſight though I was baniſht
yet I alwayes was to thée,
Far more kinde then was Vlyſſes,
to his chaſte Penelope:
For why away
He once did ſtay
Ten yeares, and left her all alone.
But I from thée,
Haue not béene thée,
Sweet kiſſe and bid me welcome him.

Come ſweet heart come ſit downe by me,
and let thy lap my pillow me.
While ſweet ſléepe my minde beguileth,
all my dreams ſhall be on thee.
I pray thee ſtay,
Steale not away,
Let lullaby be all my ſong:
With kiſſes ſweet,
Lull mee aſleepe, (home,
and ſay ſweet heart thou'rt welcome

The womans anſwer.

I Haue beene ſad to ſée how from me,
thou ſo long away didſt ſtay,
Yet now I more reioyce to ſee thee,
happily arin'd this day.
Thou from our ſhore
Shalt goe no more,
To wander thus abroad alone:
But thou ſhalt ſtay
With me alway, (home.
for here's my hand, thou'rt welcome

I haue pray'd Diana to the,
ſince from me thou went'ſt away,
I haue had ſuters well-nigh twenty,
and much adoe had for to ſtay:
But I denyed,
When they reply'd,
And ſent them all away in ſcorne:
For I had ſworne,
To liue forlorne,
vntill that I ſee thee come home.

Seeing thou art home arriued,
thou ſhalt not goe away in haſte,
But louingly come ſit downe by me,
let thine armes embrace my waſt:
Farewell annoy,
Welcome my ioy,
Now lullaby is all my ſong,
For now my heart,
Sings loath to part, (home
then kiſſe, ſweet-heart, thou'rt welcome

Since ſweet heart thou doſt befriend me
thus to take me to thy loue,
Neuer more will I offend thee,
but will euer conſtant proue.
Thou haſt my heart,
Not to depart,
But euer conſtant to remaine:
And thou haſt mine,
And I haue thine,
then let vs kiſſe and welcome home.

FINIS.

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